

ALICE AND ROBERT BROADHEAD

Robert Broadhead was born July 3, 1836, near Coventry, Warwickshire, England.

His father, William Broadhead, was a Methodist minister who had quite a large following. Upon hearing the gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints preached by Mormon elders, of Joseph Smith and his seeing God, the father, and the son, Jesus

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Christ, the visits by the angel and how he was chosen as a prophet of God, set him thinking and studying, after which he joined the despised Mormon church. Going back to his Methodist congregation, he preached them the truths of Mormonism and converted some of them.

In the year 1853, with his wife, Sarah, and their children, they left Liverpool, sailing in the ship, Ellen Miria. After nine long weary weeks upon the broad blue Atlantic, blown by the wind, they landed at New Orleans, traveled up the Mississippi to St. Louis, here they stayed two years preparing to come to Utah.

In 1855, they began a long strange journey across the plains in a wagon drawn by oxen, with just enough food and clothing to last them till they reached Zion.

The long journey, with wind, rain, dust, and heat, sleeping under the stars, on the ground and in fear of the Indians and wild animals was very trying and new, compared with their life in England, where they were fairly well to do people.

But they were not discouraged, for they were going to live with God's chosen people, who had been led to Utah by the prophet of God where they could worship God as they were taught by His Prophets.

Arriving in Utah, they made their home in Box Elder County and helped to build it up. While living there, he married, but through differences they separated.

At this time, news arrived that Johnston's Army was coming. He, with others, moved to Nephi.

Early in 1859, he, in company with James Davis and William Davidson, got plows and harrows and made their way through Provo Canyon over snow slides, rocks, and rough road to what is now Wasatch County. They were the first men to plow a furrow in this county.

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He took up a small piece of land in city limits, built a house there of logs. He and John Lee took up farming land on Lake Creek, on which were some fine springs. Here he became one of the leading farmers and prominent citizens. He was president of the cooperative sheep herd, and first president of the Lake Creek Irrigation Company. He helped build the company reservoir which was a great help when the streams were low and water scarce.

In 1861, he married Alice Clegg. She was the daughter of Jonathan Clegg and Ellen Wombly. She was born October 23, 1846, in Lancashire, England. Her grandfather was the second man baptized in England. He was baptized July 30, 1836, in the River Ribble near Preston, where the first branch of the Latter-day Saints Church was organized by Heber C. Kimball and others. His name was William Clegg.

She was taught the Gospel from infancy. Her parents were very anxious to come to Utah, so she with her parents, brothers, and sisters braved the dangers of the mighty ocean in a ship driven by the wind. At times, the ship rode the foaming waves, which appeared as mountains. Then the wind died away, and the ship stood practically still until the wind began again. In this way, they crossed the Atlantic Ocean and came to the United States.

In 1856, when it had been proposed that a trail be made to cross the plains with handcarts, her parents were among the faithful band who were ready and willing to try it out. They knew their task would be hard and dangerous for it was late fall and their company was one of the last to start. This company was led by Edward Martin.

Grandma was ten years of age and remembers the awful suffering they endured because of cold, hunger, and scarcity of clothing. She saw many die along the way.

When the food got scarce, she remembered her mother making small hard cakes for the children, telling them to suck them so they wouldn't get so hungry. Also, that the sleet would wet their clothing and the wind was so cold that their dresses would freeze stiff as they trudged along. She helped her brother, William, pull a hand cart all the way.

Crossing the icy streams, where her feet could not reach the bottom she clung to the staves, her brother pulling the cart until she could reach the bottom. When they camped for the night, they pulled their carts in a circle and made their beds inside the circle for protection.

One night grandma's hair got off the bed, when morning came it was frozen to the ground, her mother warmed some water and thawed it out so she could get up.

Many had frozen hands and feet as they struggled on pulling their carts and trusting in God. It looked as though they would all perish. They were tired, many dying, but they remained true and faithful. At their campfire while the wind moaned, and often the sleet, snow, or rain fell could be heard, "Come, Come, Ye Saints," then their prayer.

What prayers of thanks and joy were uttered as they saw men with supplies, clothing, and help approaching! For President Brigham Young had sent help. Had he not, all must have perished hundreds of miles back in the mountains. In her case, there was cause for rejoicing. No lives were lost in their own family. Graves marked their trail, with two or three in one grave without coffins, buried in frozen ground.

With help, they reached Salt Lake City on November 30th. Going on to Provo, they made their home, where they were kindly treated.

They lived there working and saving until 1860 when they moved to Heber among the first settlers of this valley.

She married Robert Broadhead in 1861. They began their married life like most of the pioneers, in a log house with home-made furniture, living on a farm with cows to milk, chores to do, land to clear, and crops to raise. In a few years, they became well fixed with a comfortable home to live in which was built two miles east of Heber on their farm by the springs. Here their children were born. She was there with two little children one day when a band of Indians rode up. She went to the door, they asked her for food. She said, "I haven't any." This made them angry, "Get some," they demanded. "I haven't any," she repeated. "Me give you five minutes, no

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more." Turning their horses, they rode out of sight. Some time later they returned. She stood as they left her, her back against the door, holding it shut, her children inside.

"You got me bread," they asked, "I haven't any," she said again. "Me kill you now," said the Indian. The leader spoke then to his men. They formed a half circle about the door, drew their bows and arrows, and guns, pointed them toward her. Still she stood there, apparently unafraid. Raising their arm, they pointed their weapon at her, then giving a loud cry rode away.

She said the power of the Lord was with her, for when they went she could hardly stand up. She and her husband, Mr. Broadhead, worked hard, both doing their part to make a home and live the gospel. There was plenty of work clearing land. Still he found time to help build the road to the canyons and get out logs. She made the dresses by hand. Dresses those days were more work with their yards and yards of cloth, ruffles and tucks, but she was a neat sewer as well as house wife, a lovely cook and a cheerful companion never turning only one away hungry. There were born to them thirteen children, six boys and seven girls. Three died while young, the rest were raised to manhood and womanhood.

Mr. Broadhead married Flora Doren as a plural wife. They had five children.

They were kind and loving parents helping their children and neighbors. They gave liberally to help build school houses and for religious purposes and to the poor and needy. It was said of him that his word was as good as his bond. He had interest in the members of the Church. One instance was given by William Lindsay. When Mr. Lindsay came off his mission, he stated in a meeting that a family he had met on his mission were very anxious to come to Utah, but were too poor. He said some elders had started a subscription list, as the people were worthy people. Going out of the meeting, Robert told Brother Lindsay, he felt impressed to give \$50.00 for them although he knew nothing of the family.

In later years, Mr. Broadhead moved to Heber, where he and his wife spent the remaining years of their life.

He was ill only a short time, and then died March 15, 1916, leaving his wife, sons, and daughter, and many friends. He held office of high priest, was an Indian War veteran. He was buried in Heber City cemetery.

Alice lived about four years as a widow, still a kind friend to all who came to see her, enjoying her children, grandchildren and some great grandchildren's company. After a short severe illness, she died July 29, 1920. The services were held in the stake house and many friends attended. She was laid to rest beside her husband in the city cemetery. They were real pioneers respected by all who knew them.